

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. VII

NOVEMBER, 1919

No. 11

Forget-Me-Not

Across the drear November
Comes the sigh of the fallen leaves.
And the sad winds moan
With a plaintive tone
Under the dripping eaves.

I sit in the gathering shadows,
And I gaze through the drifting rain;
And I tell my heart,
While the hot tears start,
That the Spring shall come again.

Then I stray through my empty garden
Where the dear dead flowers lie:—
From a sheltered spot
A forget-me-not
Looks out with a wistful eye.

For my heart is my empty garden;
My flowers, my own dear dead:
The forget-me-not
Blooms alone in the spot
Where my lonely heart has bled.

But oh, the piteous pleading!
Like the sigh of the fallen leaves,
And the sad, sad moan
Like the plaintive tone
Under the dripping eaves.

So I kneel in my lonely garden,
And I pray in the drifting rain;
And I know in my heart,
Though the hot tears start,
That the Spring *will* come again.

—Andrew F. Browne, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

The door bell rang—three long steady rings—not loudly nor violently, it is true, but as clearly and distinctly as ever door bell rang. Father Casey declared that he was wide awake and listening to the storm when it rang. He even remembers that he was actually debating in his mind whether or not he ought to get up and climb to the attic to see whether the work done on that obstinate leak by the last gang of high-priced tinner was proof against the driving rain. He will allow his friends to theorize as much as they please concerning the cause, but will indignantly repudiate any doubt as to the fact that the bell really did ring.

Though Father Casey is a thoroughly good and zealous priest, still he is human like you or me, and his first sensation on hearing the door bell was a feeling of impatience at being summoned from his bed out into the fierce June thunderstorm on a night sick call. This feeling in nowise interfered with his accustomed promptness, for on this occasion, as on all others, in less than 60 seconds he was at the door to see what was wanted.

"Who's there?"

No answer. He threw open the door. The storm has stopped suddenly and through a break in the heavy clouds the full moon was shining. Lawn and street were almost as bright as day. A squirrel scamped across the wet grass and up a tree; a bedraggled cur was trotting furtively down the street—but no human being was in sight. To make doubly sure, the priest walked out a few paces and called loudly. As his voice woke the stillness the vagrant dog broke into a frightened run—but no one answered.

He returned to his bed but could not sleep. He kept thinking of the bell as though it had been the call of a soul in distress. Another gust of wind and rain, and the moon shone through the clouds once more. It shone through the uncovered window and threw a square of light on his bedroom wall. With sleepless eyes he lay watching that slowly moving square of light. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes he watched it. Gradually it crept along the wall until it reached the gilded frame and then the canvas of a rare old painting, and bathed in a flood of mystic radiance—the figure of the Good Shepherd bending over a sheep entangled in the briars. This was his favorite picture. His many experiences, usually consoling, but sometimes terrifying—

at the bedside of his dying parishioners had taught him the habit of kneeling daily before this picture of the Good Shepherd and reciting a special prayer for that one among his people who next should end his mortal life. Recollecting that he had not said the prayer that day he rose, almost against his will, and knelt before the picture. The form of the divine Redeemer appeared so lifelike, so tender, and so compassionate in the soft moonlight that he was moved to put his whole soul into the prayer. Twice, thrice he repeated it, then returned to his bed and almost immediately fell asleep.

Yet even then he was not destined to enjoy an unbroken sleep. The door bell rang again and awakened him with a start, the gentle purring of a motor outside told him that this was no false alarm. He hurried to the door and young Stephen Connery, cap in hand, poured out a volume of apologies.

"It's dad," he said. "I know we ought to be ashamed to call you out in the middle of the night since you were with him this afternoon and gave him all the last sacraments, but he has been calling for you for the last hour. I can't understand it, Father; he is perfectly conscious but when we tell him that you have fully prepared him for death, he simply answers: 'Call Father Tim; I must see him at once.' If you think there is no need of it, don't come. But I did not dare refuse dad when he insisted on my telling you how badly he wants to see you."

Father Casey understood too well the human heart—understood too well how sorely even those who seem best prepared for death may need priestly help, to refuse such a request from a dying man. Ten minutes later he was ushered into the sick room. It was his invariable custom, every time he visited a person dangerously ill, to ask the person whether he wished to go to confession.

"No matter how often they may have received the sacraments," he would say, "we never know what they may have on their conscience. If we wait for them to take the initiative, they may not have the courage to speak. That is why I make it a point to ask them every time I call."

When he had put his usual question old Martin Connery, who evidently had not many hours to live, murmured an eager assent, and was left alone with the priest. After his wife and children had been re-admitted to the room, the dying man motioned them to gather around his bed. Despite his weakened condition something of his

oldtime strength seemed to return, and he began to speak to them. He said:

"May God be merciful to me, a sinner! I have just made the first good confession in thirty-four years. You know that the most of my fortune came from Hickory Head Mine. You thought all of it belonged to me—half of it was stolen. Tom Bainbridge and I staked that claim and sunk the prospect hole thirty-four years ago. We dug for four months and found nothing. All our knowledge of prospecting told us that it was useless to go further. Tom wanted to quit, I didn't. He kept on working but only under protest. He grew more and more discouraged and was drunk half the time. One day while he was dead asleep after a night of heavy drinking I went down into the shaft alone, put in and fired a heavy charge. It tore into the heart of a rich vein of gold. As I sat in the bottom of the shaft, wild with joy, gazing on the unbelievable find the demon of avarice entered my heart. 'Why,' I said, 'must I share this wealth with the besotted wretch in the cabin?' I carefully put back the loosened stones, then went on top and threw in several feet of rock from the dump.

"After this, I fetched a bucket of icy cold water from the brook and dashed it into the face of my sleeping partner. He sprang up in a rage, cursing and threatening me. I retorted with bitter recriminations against his idleness. To my great disappointment, he agreed though grudgingly, to go to work. I sent him to the bottom. After he had filled and I had hoisted several buckets, he in his weakened and half stupified condition, became so discouraged that with a volley of oaths he demanded to be hoisted to the top. He then declared that he was done with the bootless task. I fearing that he might suspect the truth pretended to remonstrate. He persisted. Finally I offered him the few dollars I still had in my possession for his share in the claim. He accepted and we dissolved partnership forever.

"I waited until he had spent the money and left the country. Then I changed the name of the claim to Hickory Head. Under that name it became the mine that has made my fortune.

"Only after you children were born did I begin to experience any serious regret for my act of injustice. But all ill-gotten goods cling to us like our very life. I had not the courage to give up what did not belong to me. Three years ago when the mission was held at St. Mary's, I had almost determined to confess my sin and make reparation. The thought of depriving you of half of your fortune, and

reducing you from your present position in society deterred me. You remember the telegram that called me East on urgent business about the middle of the week. I sent that telegram to myself in order to get away from the mission and from the haunting thought of restitution. Even this afternoon when I made my death-bed confession, the devil sealed my lips, and kept this crime in my heart.

"But tonight during the storm the thought began to torture me. I fought against it for nearly an hour after the storm had ceased. Then, with a suddenness and vividness that frightened me, a new power seemed to take possession of my faculties, and, without any effort, I make this firm resolution to set myself right with God and man, cost what it might, and I called for the priest. Father Tim figures that this was at the precise time that he was kneeling before the picture of the Good Shepherd praying for the next one of his parishioners who was to be called by death."

The dying man's strength began to fail. They urged him to rest, but he made a supreme effort and continued:

"A will is not the proper form of restitution. It is cowardly and unsafe. I will now sign a document that transfers half of my possessions to Tom Bainbridge's heirs! Tom himself was shot in a drunken brawl."

After he had signed the document which was drawn up at his dictation, he turned to his wife.

"I know, Louise, that you would prefer to lose the last penny rather than have me damn my soul. You and I have known poverty together and you were as cheerful and joyous then as now. That I have retained my hold upon my faith during all these years of sacrilege is due to your Christian example. But you, my children, have never experienced anything but comfort and luxury. This will be a bitter, bitter trial for you. I beg you to make the sacrifice bravely that your poor, erring father may not be shut out from the face of God forever."

Stephen, the oldest of the children, knelt down and took his father's hand:

"Dad," he said, in his clear, manly voice, "your love for us has kept you all these years in enmity with your God. You have been unhappy enough here on our account. Oh, do not think that we are unselfish enough to wish you to be unhappy forever that we might have a little worldly enjoyment. Leave to us, dad, the proud consciousness

that our father had the courage to do right, but do not leave us one cent of ill-gotten gain."

The other children said not a word, but one by one, they kissed his fevered lips. Their actions spoke more eloquently than any words. Tears streamed from the old man's eyes while the peace and joy of Heaven lighted up his countenance.

Father Casey briefly explained that every one in danger of death who can possibly do so, is bound by the law of God to receive Holy Communion as viaticum. This law is not fulfilled by an unworthy communion. As Mr. Connery had just stated that his communion in the afternoon was not worthy, he must receive again.

Accordingly Stephen and the priest motored back to the church for the Blessed Sacrament, and none too soon for the patient was sinking minutes after receiving the sacred Host, the old man with a contented sigh, like that of a tired child nestling in his mother's arms, gave up his soul to God.

Father Casey often listens skeptically to learned explanations of how an atmospheric disturbance may sometimes affect an electric bell three long steady rings—but I am absolutely certain that with God's permission, the Guardian Angel of one of my dying parishoners could do it.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

HEART IN THE EUCHARIST

Hail captive Heart!
Beneath the sacramental veils,
Still throbbing in the Host,
Who but Thou canst tell, dear Lord,
What all this love hath cost?
The heaven of heavens Thou didst resign,
Where flaming choirs blend,
Casting Thy lowly lot with ours,
That we might call Thee "friend".

Where'er the sanctuary flame
Its sentinel watch doth keep,
Thou givest solace undenied,
To all on earth that weep.
And though my lot be Thabor's joy,
Or dark Gethsemane,
All care I cast on Thee, dear Lord,
Thou hast the care of me.

—Catherine Hayes.

Your worth consists in what you are, and not in what you have.
What you are will show in what you do.

—Davidson.

DWELLERS IN THE LAND OF TWILIGHT

No light of sun or moon or glimmering stars gleams there. The spirits who dwell there are like hooded lanterns, bright and glowing within but unable to shed their radiance round. All would be dark there. But from a distance, like the dim, diffused, pearly light of dawn, a shimmering mist spreads over them and holds the promise of the coming day that cannot fail. Brighter and brighter it seems to grow, as little by little their eager yearning grows; and as yearning more and more, their spirits purified reach out into the depths of that luminous mist to meet the Sun itself. This land of Twilight is Purgatory; would you know the dwellers there?

Look at them: their bodies are gone now; you will know them not by their faces, but by that mind, those thoughts, that esteem they bore to you; by that sympathy, affection, love with which they clasped your souls to theirs in life. See there that one, whose mind is full of you, whose thoughts are tinged with you, whose love somehow is steeped in you as the glowing iron is steeped in fire, or as the stained glass window in the glow of the sunset. It is that mother of yours, that father, that brother or sister.

Stop to picture their life, even now while you are busy with the thousand distracting things that make up your daily work-basket of trouble and pleasure.

DEBT.

Poor souls we call them—that is when we forget they are our dear ones. In fact, however, this is not a mere formal expression of sympathy as when we say to the baby that is just cutting her teeth: "Poor dear!" or to the pet dog: "Poor Carlo!" No, it is their title by excellence, their family name, so to speak; for poor indeed are they.

No sturdy farmer, hailed out; no urchin in the dingiest hovel of Chicago's slums; no beggar, blind and ragged by the busy street, is so poor as they.

A great debt stands against them: there is first, the accumulated debt of many *venial sins*. In childhood they began, those little thefts from God's glory, those little appropriations of God's honor and dues, those little forgeries, when they wrote their own name, as it were, on checks payable to God. He was a lenient Master, and day by day, they went on, promising to pay up on confession day—promising to make up in future years—counting on the serious years of age to do

some tardy stinting of their pleasure to pay the little debts. But age came—and with age forgetfulness of their little bills: they seemed so small, so trifling—why pay attention to them, and let the last hours of the passing day slip by without tasting of their delights! We can settle up in Purgatory!

Or there are *more grievous* debts: the punishment due to mortal sins already forgiven; those inexplicable things in man's life—*mortal sins*. Inexplicable to one who realizes for a moment what they are. Imagine a theater or place of public meeting where contagion sits with certainty awaiting its victims, like death behind a curtain; tell that man his chances: yes, you can go in to see the picture—it is the picture of animals at play—you can go in to see it, feast your eyes and imagination upon it, but the plague will strike your heart with poison which may prove your sudden end or lead you slowly to death's door. Would he go in? What? to see animals at play? Do you think I'm a fool! he would say.

And yet what is the deliberate commission of mortal sin except just such a choice: yes, I, an intellectual, reasonable being, whom no one suspects of weak brains, I deliberately choose to see the animals at play—to give my passions their way—even if by it the seeds of eternal death will be planted in my soul!

How merciful God is that He tries to hold us back from such folly! How merciful that He places at the gate of the garden of sinful pleasure, an angel with a flaming sword, a brand of hell, to ward us off! If anything can stop man then, it is not the distant glimmer of the stars; no, it is only the hot breath of hell's flames, the punishment God threatens for mortal sin. For this reason, that we may not sin and say: "behold I have sinned and what has happened to me," and thus go down into perdition blindfolded, for this reason it is that God places on each sin a penalty demanded by justice but tempered by mercy; designed by infinite Wisdom, executed by infinite power, yet inspired by infinite Love.

If all sickness, disease, pain, sorrow, affliction of spirit, mental anguish; if all war, plague, shedding of blood, and rending of hearts that mar this world which God created and saw to be good, is the penalty of one single sin committed by Adam, the father of mankind—then, it seems to me, we can form some idea of what the penalty attached to mortal sin must be. And if we try to translate the fires lit in eternity by the Justice of an outraged God, into pains of this life,

which at their very worst are still so bearable, we can form a negative idea of what the penalties attached to mortal sin must be.

Now, compared with these penalties, what—ask yourself the question honestly, without letting yourself be hoodwinked by sentimentality or morbid family pride or too human love—what is the satisfaction that mother, father, loved one of yours made in life for all this accumulated debt? Indeed, a great debt stands out against them!

HELPLESSNESS.

But so poor are they that they have nought wherewith to pay the debt. Like the poor Irish peasant, whose farm has been ruined by the storm, must stand by while his creditor takes his paltry crop, his furniture, his modest home-treasures, his last penny, so these souls stand empty-handed in the twilight of their purgatorial flames, till the last farthing is paid in pain.

Now they can work no longer: for them that night is come in which no man can work; now no more merit—for now no more temptation, no more doubts, no more chance to sin. They are like men whose wealth is tied up securely, but cannot be put to use. Poor souls indeed!

But to me it seems this is not the worst feature of their poverty. Not the one who is born poor—not he who knows nought of the comforts that wealth can procure—not the ragamuffin in the slums who knows no pillow softer than a board—but he who sees wealth all around him, who has tasted of its luxuries, who craves the delights it can win: he is the poorest of all; for it is the *want* that makes us poor, not the absence of things.

WANT.

In this regard, however, what must we say of the souls in purgatory? Can words express that longing of theirs for the vision of God? In comparison with that what is the homesickness of the most homesick heart on earth? What is the craving of the betrothed for the absent lover? Only one image brings to me a faint idea of their want of God: it is the image of a little child, stealing away from its guardians in the dead of winter, lying prostrate on its mother's grave, with feeble finger stiffened in the act of scratching away the hard ground that hides the face which was the sunshine of childhood. And yet, what is the light of a mother's face compared with the light of God's countenance? and what is the want of a mother's affection compared with the want of one who knows what God is, who has felt His Kiss upon his cheek?

We do not know—we cannot imagine it—for our God is veiled in night; but they are already in the light of dawn: how its moments seem to stretch out into eternities. Distance could not deter them, hardships could not restrain them; prison walls could not hold them—but only the barrier they themselves put up: the stains of venial sins and the remains of mortal sins in their souls.

Words cannot express the want of God which these poor souls suffer.

Pondering thus we see why they are called poor Souls. We would hardly dare to look for worse poverty, and yet a worse degree suggests itself to me.

If there were a poor, crippled, ragged beggar, and he passed by a wealthy house, and in the window saw the glad faces of happy children, and they proved to be his very own; if he were with throbbing heart to call them by name—and his own children turned away and left him to his rags and hunger, this you would say, this is surely the poorest wretch on earth.

How many a soul in purgatory turns in thought to loved ones living in the midst of the spiritual wealth of the Church, and must see those loved ones go their way, heedless and unthinking.

Poor Souls indeed! But be comforted! Somewhere in the wide world there may be some forlorn creature, who is moved by her own abandonment to pray for the most abandoned soul. Somewhere, before some hidden tabernacle, a cloistered nun may be telling her beads for the soul for which no prayers are ever offered. And thus your loved ones are not entirely neglected!

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

A flirt is a rose with its petals torn off one by one and only the thorns left for the future husband.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.
—*Longfellow.*

I have seen many dying-beds, but never have I seen one which seemed to me to be a proper place to make preparation for eternity.—
Barnes.

EXCALIBUR

"Tad, you're nervous!" No response.

The peaceful hush of the summer evening remained unbroken save for the occasional uneasy call of some night-bird and the soft, restless murmur of the St. Lawrence a few yards away. The moonlight fell in silvery spray through the open tent-door, over the tumbled locks of a bowed head and into the dark recesses in the rear.

"Tad!" came in raised tones from the depths of the gloom, "are you dreaming or dead?"

"Neither!" was the reply, as the speaker let fall the open book on his knee, and placing his chin in his hands, gazed reflectively over the water. It was a calm spot, this; and the unclouded moon made it seem like an ocean of white.

There was the rustling sound of a blanket cast aside, the muffled thud of a boot against a suitcase, and a new figure stood in the doorway. Six foot one in height, the fantastic moonlight gave him the appearance of a giant.

"Glory be—I!" he gasped. "Don't blame you, Tad. *Some* scene, I'll say. Now, if I could get a picture of that—I could paint it tomorrow, and win the Academy prize next month." He paused watching his friend closely. Tad was an expert with the camera and usually jumped at such a suggestion. There was no response; not even a sign of interest.

"Humph!" ejaculated the other as he picked up the book. "Tennyson! And you a graduate engineer and prospective superintendent in yonder establishment of power and production!" waving his hand toward the lights of the town twinkling gaily about a mile down the river. "Something is up. Mystic moonlight and mysterious poetry mean meanderings of the mind, my son! Is a new invention seething in your brain—or can it be that my erstwhile bachelor friend is to become 'a poor boob after all'?" He jumped into the open just in time to miss a vigorous swing.

"Say, Bill," urged Tad, "do you remember the 'Idylls of the King'?"

"Clearly," murmured Bill with honeyed suavity, "methinks 'twas by yester shining morn—"

"Well," interrupted Tad without ceremony, "that has set me thinking and it is no joke, either. Funny how the night-time makes a fellow

think!" Bill was about to utter some more nonsense, but a glance at his friend's worried face made him decide to listen quietly.

"I was just reading these tales of ancient chivalry with their noble women and dashing knights—"

"Quite appropriate, I should say, for night-time," suggested Bill.

"And by sheer contrast, I suppose," continued Tad unheeding, "I recalled an incident that happened to me in town this morning. I met a fellow that looked like a tramp—and smelled like a whiskey-vat. He accosted me, demanding some money; pleaded his wife and children were starving; strike on over at Brownson and Lane's—"

"Brownson's—where you begin your career next week?"

"Exactly, unless there are twin establishments in that metropolis. The 'skee' turned me. I refused. He begged and I told him to beat it. He left finally, but I'll never forget the look he gave me; it said plainer than words can tell: I'll get you if I die for it. I'm not bothered about that so much, but the smallness of the thing gets me. And then there's this strike business. Now if I get there and this fellow finds out who refused him the money, he may cause trouble."

"Bill sat down on a log near his friend, pulled out his pipe, filled it carefully and began to puff. They were friends of many years and he needed no more to understand just what was troubling Tad. He had just finished a brilliant course in the State University; and in spite of his essentially practical training, had retained a certain idealistic way of looking at things all his own. He had been secured by Brownson and Lane as Chief Engineer. But everybody knew—that knew anything at all about it—that Brownson and Lane were going to use him as Assistant Superintendent in place of one they had fired ignominiously.

"So that's the trub'," came between vigorous puffs. "Rats! I've got more than that to bother me, and still—I haven't taken to mooning about it as yet. Take that picture for instance—"

"Bill, for heaven's sake, be serious."

"Tad, me boy, serious is my middle name!" Bill leaned forward and gesticulated with his pipe. "Just to show you—was that fellow one of the strikers?"

"I couldn't say," answered Tad, "but that makes no difference."

"Well, it doesn't bring the price of leather down any; but anyhow, it's the only thing I see worth worrying about. See, if he's a striker, he may cause the men to get a shade or two uglier. But if he is not,

all you have to do is to give him a job or not as you please. In any case, what's done is done and there's an end of it.—Shakespeare, I believe. Wait till Monday, and then begin to worry. Now, don't forget, a nice photo of that scene yonder means a fortune to me; as for me, voila! it is that I must sleep; so, fair one, adieu!" Bill knocked the ashes from his pipe and in a trice was back on his make-shift couch. But not to sleep. It was still early in the evening, he knew, so he gave full rein to his thoughts.

After a few minutes, he heard his chum get up and enter the tent. The rattle of the tripod made him chuckle softly. He saw Tad go out, the tripod in one hand, a focussing-cloth over his shoulder and his other hand gripping a large Kodak. "Knew I'd work him," he said to himself as he rolled over for a better view.

The view was interesting though limited. He saw Tad move slowly forward in search of a good position. It was a difficult, in fact well-nigh impossible picture to take, but Tad was determined that failure would not be due to lack of trying. After several unsatisfactory trials, he finally took his station far to the front of the tent and in the midst of a white patch of moonlight.

Bill watched him put the cloth over his head again. And then he sat bolt upright and stared. He had seen the moonlight move! A shadow must have passed over it. He looked carefully again and saw a figure pass between him and the bright water; in a few seconds he saw the reality, a gigantic fellow with a nasty-looking club. He had already begun his last lap toward his victim and was evidently anxious to reach him before he would emerge from under the cloth. Bill felt a cold shiver run down his spine. He jumped to his feet and rushed recklessly through the tent-door, tearing away some of the ropes in his haste.

"Duck, Tad," he yelled, "duck for your life!"

But Tad instead of obeying, turned in astonishment and impatience. The assailant uttered a fiendish curse and swung the stick straight at the lad's face. Bill's heart sank. He closed his eyes, and put all his strength into making speed. But he heard no sound and looking again, saw that the fellow had slipped on a root and was swaying clumsily in an attempt to regain his balance. Before he could do so, he felt two powerful arms encircle his legs and the impact of a heavy weight sent him crashing to the ground. Bill in a last desperate chance, had had recourse to the deadly flying tackle of his football days.

The mysterious intruder, however, was by no means conquered. His burly frame and massive strength made Bill seem puny by comparison, and Bill realised the odds. But there could be no question of giving up now. Each had tried to reach the other's throat at once. The result was a terrific clinch. With their arms and legs entwined, they rolled about on the ground, frequently striking against roots and loose rocks. In the tussle, a stray beam of moonlight disclosed to Bill the butt of a Colt revolver in the fellow's pocket. Tad saw it too, but could do nothing, for fear of hitting his friend and defender. A few minutes later, they rolled into a dark place. Bill felt the grip on his left arm relax. "That gun!" he thought; and quick as the thought, for it was life and death to him now, he drew back his left arm and mustering all the strength his cramped position would allow, sent it crashing full upon the other's chin. The blow seemed to daze the fellow, and a second and more powerful one upon the same place, caused him to collapse in a heap. It was all over.

Bill took the gun and got to his feet. His muscles were tingling from the strain; his trousers were ripped badly; one lip he felt, was torn and his face felt raw and bleeding. He went over to Tad and found him trembling.

"It's all over, Tad, old sport! There wasn't much Tennyson about it, but he's down for the count. Better give him a bath." Bill reached in his pocket for his pipe. It was still intact but the tobacco-tin was almost shapeless. He filled it and in spite of the pain in his battered lip began to puff away.

A generous dash of cold water brought Tad's assailant to his senses and incidentally, stimulated his command of language. He looked around till he saw the two a few yards away, and began forthwith to curse them with all the fervid vocabulary at his command.

"Cut it!" snapped Bill. "You brought this on yourself. Just think it over, my beauty! You can go over the road for this, you know—"

"Sure! go ahead! do it up brown!" sneered the other. "My wife and four little ones are starving in town—I asks this guy for a little help and gets a dirty throwdown—now, you've got the drop, go ahead."

"Try again!" said Bill. "You'd make a fine reporter, or war expert."

"It's God's truth," answered the man. "You can see for yourself. The home is on Elm street—460 is the number."

"Hey, Tad!" called Bill to his chum who was getting some liniment and bandages in the tent, "want to play Pinkerton? It's only 9:45 and you might find that empty lot at 460 Elm!" It was intended for a joke, but Tad took it seriously. He was sick of the whole affair and rather felt that it was all his own fault.

"You're on, Bill. I can make it in half an hour; less, if I meet a car on the road." And before the dumfounded Bill could recover himself, Tad had snatched up his coat and disappeared through the trees.

Bill sat down, put the revolver near his feet and refilled his pipe. Without further invitation, the other remained where he was a few yards off. Bill was in no amiable mood. His lip was paining furiously, his left eye had already closed up and his face was burning as though with a rash. He glanced curiously over at his opponent, and saw the stooped figure, the listless though powerful shoulders bent forward, while his dishevelled head hung in his clasped hands between his knees. Hopelessness, blank despair, and yet immense resources of human endurance were depicted there. But Bill was not prepared to pity. His imagination could picture his friend dead on the ground too easily for that.

Fifteen minutes had elapsed with no change in their relations when a sudden idea struck Bill. Tad evidently felt bad about this and he might be able to fix it up before he returned. Personally he felt the prison would be a palace for such a brute, but he knew Tad's notions would not allow that. He had mentioned a strike!

"Care to smoke!" called out Bill. The lowered head came up slowly. For the first time Bill had a good look at his features—they were by no means ugly or malicious.

"Don't mind if I do!" He growled the answer in a deep bass voice.

"Here y' are!" throwing him the tin and some cigarette papers. "Works a little hard, you know; rather banged up. But the makin's are good." He watched the big fingers roll a cigarette. It was evident the struggle had done *him* no injury.

"You mentioned a strike in town. What's the rumpus about?" inquired Bill. The man looked at him suspiciously, but finally seemed satisfied.

"Old superintendent was canned. He told the fellers he was kicked out because they wanted him to cut wages and he wouldn't. A new feller is comin' to take his place and do it. Then the whole gang went."

"I see," said Bill. "Any scabs on yet?"

"Nope. Too scarce. Better jobs in the other cities. But I guess they will come soon."

"That means no work for you people, I suppose?"

"You said it. It's a small town and there's nothing else to be had—and fall's coming and winter. Prices are high, coal still higher. It's a hell of an outlook—when there are children and a wife to think of."

"Well, what made you throw your job?"

"Just hot-headed like the rest. D—d fool, I guess!" He looked out over the water where the moon was dropping toward the dark, ragged line of trees. "And now—it is too late."

"Did it ever strike you," asked Bill, "that this guy is playing you fellows like checkers? He lost his job, he makes you leave yours. Now, every day means a loss for that company. There's no doubt about it. With the price of iron products where it is, they would rather work overtime. So that shyster is striking for a good, solid revenge on the company and on his successor—and is getting it. Catch?"

The man was silent. It was hard to realize that he and his hundreds of pals had been mere dupes of another's malice. Finally he spoke, slowly—

"You bet I do! But what can a fellow do now? The company and the men are suspicious—who is to start things going again—who is to throw in the reverse gear?"

"If it can be done, what would you do to help it?" answered Bill, Yankee-fashion.

"Well—I could guarantee myself for one. Then I had a hundred men under me when we were working; I can count on them. Between them and their pals I can reach three hundred. But who's to start it off; that's what I can't see."

A hurried step in the woods caused them to jump. It was Tad, breathless and beaming.

"Got picked up, both ways. No lot to it, Bill. Dinkiest little cottage I ever saw, all covered with Virginia creeper and lilacs—and things—"

"Get your breath, you boob!" said Bill laughing.

"Don't need it. Met the family. Dearest little woman—looks just like mother, Bill. Gee. It sure got me! Her eyes were hollow and dark and she had been crying."

"By God!" groaned the man. They turned and saw his shoulders heave as he gave a big sob. The sight almost unnerved Bill.

"Told her everything was right. Four little children—one little golden-haired chap, named Charley, is five years old tomorrow. Left a little present in the mail-box for him as I left. Promised the little woman her husband would be home by midnight. I knew you would agree."

Bill turned again to the man—"Well, Mr.—," and he held out his hand.

"Dunstan," said the other, completely covering the hand with his own.

"Mr. Dunstan, it is just about eleven. You can make it easily in a half-hour. But just one word—you came mighty near making an awful mistake. You owe this good fortune to my pal here."

"You said it again! But say, how about that; when is that affair we were talking about to come off?"

Tad now was mystified. Bill explained.

"The strike in town was caused by the coming of a new superintendent to the plant; the old incumbent was peeved and managed to spread his peeve. Catch, Tad? Well, today is Friday, almost Saturday; and by next Monday morning when the whistle blows, Mr. Dunstan is going to have at least three hundred men ready to begin work. And the work, Mr. Dunstan, will be started, the reverse gear from strike to industry will be thrown in by Mr. Tad Wayne, the Mechanical Engineer and Assistant Superintendent of Brownson and Lane's. Meet him!"

The big man was as helpless as a child.

"You fellows is white," he said as he held out his hand weakly. "I better go now. Monday you'll see how thankful I am." His earnest grasp made Tad wince, and then without further ceremony, he turned and disappeared by the way Tad had come.

The two friends walked in silence toward the tent, till suddenly turning, Tad noticed his companion's bloodstained face.

"Great scot, Bill, you look frightful. Let me fix you up a bit."

"Nothing doing, Tad; just pick up the remains of the camera over there and see if you can get that picture. I'll watch the operation."

Tad picked up the kodak from the place to which it had been thrown in the fight and hurried to his task. He felt jubilant now that his mind was at rest, and he only wanted to please his friend to make

his happiness perfect. As he was working, Bill's eye fell on the revolver on the ground. He picked it up, and with a quick snap, sent it flying out into the water. It glistened as it twirled in the air, made a slight rift in the snow-white sheen of the water, and was gone. Bill stood watching the ripples spread; he was rehearsing the events of the past few hours, and so did not see Tad come up.

"Talk about Tennyson, Bill; you were just it, only you modernized things a bit. Don't you remember those lines about King Arthur:

"The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,

And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch—

* * * *

So flashed and fell, the brand Excalibur."

The words seemed lost on Bill for a minute. But he came to, removed his pipe from his lips, turned his battered face toward Tad and said like a man in a dream:

"What say, Tad? Calibre? He had a Colt 45!"

J, BRENNAN, C. Ss. R.

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON'S SECRET

A brave American officer was not ashamed to tell what prayer meant to him:

"I have so fitted the habit in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing," he said: "never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal; never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward; and never change my classes in the lecture room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and those who come in."

THE REWARD EXCEEDING GREAT

Suffering! How our human nature shrinks from it! What means do we not employ to avoid it! And still, try as we may, we cannot wholly escape suffering. Whichever way we turn, the cross stares us in the face, and day by day we experience the truth of the assertion of the patient Job: "The life of man is a warfare".

If suffering, then is our inevitable lot here upon earth, why not

make the best of it? Why not make a virtue of necessity, by striving to bear with patience what we cannot avoid? What does it profit us to grow impatient and break out in murmurings? We will not thereby rid ourselves of suffering; on the contrary, we will only increase it.

Let me suggest one thought adapted to assist us in possessing our souls in patience. It is taken from the eighth chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. The Apostle assures us: "The sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us" (Rom. VIII, 18). In all your trials and sufferings, the Apostle wishes to say, do not allow your present difficulties to overwhelm you. Raise your eyes to heaven, your true home. Try to realize to the best of your ability the great reward that awaits you there, a reward so vast, so superabundant, that the pains you now endure do not merit to be even compared with it.

We ought therefore rejoice in spirit, rather than be sad, when God sends us sufferings, for the more we merit in this life, the greater will be our reward in heaven. Virtues, we must remember, are not acquired except by acts; the more occasions that present themselves for practising patience, the more solid and extensive our patience will become. For this reason the Apostle St. James encourages us with the words: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he hath been proved, he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love him."

This thought it was that made St. Agapit, martyred at the age of fifteen, to say to the persecutor who caused his head to be covered with red hot coals: "It matters little that this head be burned which shall one day be crowned with glory in heaven". The same idea underlay the words of Job: "If we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil?" St. Francis of Assisi likewise encouraged himself in the midst of his sufferings and labors: "The good which I expect," he said, "is so great, that pain is really a pleasure for me". In a word, the thought of the reward which awaits those who serve God faithfully despite trials and difficulties has always been a source of strength and encouragement to those holy souls who are striving to work out their eternal salvation.

Courage, then, faithful souls! The longest life is but a brief span of years, and then we shall receive for our labors and sufferings the reward exceeding great.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

FOUR LOVES AND A LIFE

CHAPTER X: IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

Time heals all grief. Yet there is a sorrow which leaves a scar upon the heart which though time may heal, it can never efface. At times memory comes like a fresh stab to waken the old pain and the sad heart throbs with grief anew. Such a lasting sorrow was the pain which the death of his chum Ted Cullom inflicted upon the heart of his loyal friend Tom Doyle. Even amid the battle's carnage in which new tragedies of life and death were enacted every hour, Tom could not forget the memory of his friend, and many a silent tear trickled down his cheek, when in the quiet of the night he lay sleepless on his hard couch and prayed for him who had passed into the Great Beyond.

To all outward appearances Tom had regained his wonted spirits and among his comrades was the same willing, cheerful, light hearted soldier as of yore. However a request made to his Captain proved that he had not forgotten the death of his friend. It was about a month after Ted had fallen in the fray that Tom appeared one night at Company Headquarters. He spoke to the sentry, the latter called an orderly and in response to Tom's request for an interview he was ushered into the presence of his superior officer.

"Well, Doyle, what can I do for you?" inquired the Captain, as he returned the salute of Tom who was standing smartly at attention.

"Sir, I have come to ask a great favor," said Tom.

"What is it?" queried the Captain laughingly. "Do you want a leave of absence? Sorry but all leaves are cancelled since we came out of the woods and out of the trenches and began this open warfare. Every man is needed. Above all we could not spare the head cook."

"That's just it," responded Tom. "I want no leave of absence. Until we've licked the Heinies, there'll be excitement enough for any red blooded man here. But it's that cook business, I came to see you about. There's a whole lot of men in the Company can cook just as good as myself. I've had enough of the job. So I came to ask you to put someone else on the grub wagon and let me get into the ranks with my buddies."

"What's the matter, afraid the boys will think you yellow?" asked the Captain banteringly.

"No, sir, I don't believe they think that. Everybody knows I didn't look for this job, but had it forced on me. I guess they all know I'd

rather go over the top with the bunch than stay behind the lines cooking slum, even though field kitchens are favorite targets for the German artillery, and G. E. cans fall pretty thick around the slum wagon sometimes." Tom said all this in a quiet tone that showed he was not boasting, but simply stating a fact. When he had finished, his Captain looked at him for a moment, smilingly, and then said heartily:

"Say, Doyle, you're all right. Never let on that you were ever away from the kitchen would you? Even though I threw out a hint that you might be thought yellow. Well, I happen to know all about that little affair last Tuesday night, when N Company tried to throw a bridge across that stream, and the Germans blew two sections of our pontoon to pieces. I happen to know that some of the men sent back for a spare section were killed or wounded, and that a certain cook of N Company without orders helped carry a boat under fire to the river's edge and helped put it into position, all the while exposed to the worst raking fire N Company has ever experienced. And after all that, the cook sneaked back quietly to his kitchen and had breakfast ready for the rest of the boys at dawn. Oh yes, Doyle, the boys know you're not yellow, all right, all right. By this time Division Headquarters know it too. I thought that little stunt worth a citation."

All this time Tom stood blushing furiously, like a school boy caught in some scrape. At the mention of his citation for bravery, the lad gasped in astonishment, cleared his throat and stammered:

"Aw, sir, that was nothing. You see I just happened to be hanging around when the men came back for that pontoon and the duckboards. There wasn't enough of them to manage. So I just lent a hand. Believe me, I didn't do a thing more than the others. And I was scared blue when the bullets were knocking against the sides of that boat when we carried it across the field. We were lucky, that's all."

"That's what you fellows say every time you pull off some deed of daring," responded the Captain smilingly. "Well, luck or no luck, I have sent your citation to Headquarters, and believe me it stands. Get me?"

"Thank you, sir!" replied Tom. "But how about getting out of this cook job? That request still stands."

"Oh, forget it!" said his Captain. "Doyle, you know you were made cook for a reason and though you have not been called upon for any scout work as yet, you cannot tell when your services will be in demand. What on earth has made you so sick of your job?"

Tom was silent for a moment and then said earnestly:

"Captain, what I am going to say may make you think I'm a big kid, but I'm going to say it anyhow, for I'm not ashamed of it. You know Ted Cullom, who got bumped off the night N Company blew the Heinies' wire, and myself were like twin brothers?"

The Captain nodded assent and Tom continued:

"Well, ever since my pal got his, I can't get him out of my mind. I'm not afraid of what met him on the other side, when he went West, for I know he went prepared. But Captain, I'm lonesome, more lonesome than I ever felt before. Every time I start my fire in the old grub wagon, I think of the meal I saved for him, which Ted never came back to eat, and it gives me the blues. And at night I lie awake for hours just thinking of Ted, as good a pal as God ever put the breath of life into."

"So," said the Captain gravely, yet chidingly, "you foolish fellow want to get into battle to meet the same fate which befell him."

"No, no, Captain!" insisted Tom earnestly. "It isn't that. I'm a Catholic and to wish to die for any such reason, would seem to me to be wrong. Besides I'm not tired of life at all. I have a good old mother and father and a dear sister waiting for me at home, besides the best little sweetheart in the world. I hope God spares me to see them all again. But this is how I feel. Ted gave his life for his country, and did something worth while in giving it. In other words he made the enemy suffer something before he died. Thus far it seems to me I've done nothing. So I'm here tonight to ask you to give me my chance to do my bit."

The Captain rose and placed his hand affectionately on Tom's shoulder. Then in a voice deep with understanding sympathy, he said:

"Doyle, you are not a big kid, you are every inch a man. Oh boy, I know how you feel. A man with a heart in him can't help feeling sad when a pal gets bumped off. I honor you for your feelings. But Lord bless you, lad, sometimes we have to bear it for our country's sake. Every time I see my boys go over the top, I long to be at their head, cheering them on. But duty keeps me behind. That's the way it is with you. Orders from headquarters put you where you are, so make the best of it. Though you have been called upon for no intelligence work as yet, I have an idea something is coming your way shortly. You will do your bit before the war is over, never fear."

"Well, Captain," said Tom resignedly, "if you say so, I'll have to

make the best of it. But I sure do wish I could do something to shake off this dose of blues. Ted was as good a pal as God ever put the breath of life into."

"I know, boy, I know," said the Captain. "But the war is war, and it tears the heartstrings many a time."

"Well, good night then," said Tom. "If you see any chance of my getting away from the slum wagon, do your best for me."

"I will," responded the Captain. "Good night, Doyle."

Tom saluted and withdrew. He went to his dugout, and tried to join in the merrymaking of a few comrades. But his conversation with his Captain had revived old memories, and at last he threw himself upon his bunk, there to toss in troubled, restless sleep until dawn brought another day of busy action in the great grim game of war.

Tom's desire for action was soon gratified. Early in October, the Division to which he belonged was ordered forward. Bed rolls and kit bags were taken from the dugouts. Some of these were borne on the shoulders of their owners, others were loaded on motor-trucks, and at dawn one day, Tom, perched on his field kitchen, prepared breakfast while the regiment swung out of the woods and marched in the general direction of Germany. Henceforth the Eighth Engineers were destined never to occupy billets until victory was won. The big drive had begun, and Democracy was pushing forward to the Rhine. That night the men bivouacked at a road junction near Souhesmes. Then for a few days the regiment moved, now by marching along trails, now by motor truck and once again by marching until they found themselves on Oct. 11th in a wood close by Montfaucon. All along the line troops were changing positions. Reserves were coming up and all things pointed to the beginning of a major offensive.

That night Tom, perched on his kitchen, rolled in a blanket, snatching what rest he could, was aroused and given his first opportunity of doing intelligence work. Infantry were going forward into the woods on reconnaissance and Tom was told to join them, and bring back maps of the terrain in the neighborhood of the enemy. The men pushed forward until strong opposition warned them that the enemy was before them in force. The position of the foe was noted and Tom and his comrades returned with several prisoners from an enemy patrol encountered in the forest. Tom handed in the maps made by himself and several other Engineers and returned to his kitchen.

Evidently the work assigned to Tom on this first night of the big

drive had been satisfactory to his superiors, for from that time his services were in frequent demand. After a day of toil he would be summoned in the night to Company Headquarters and be sent out, either with a small detail or with a heavy detachment, to use his eyes and ears, as well as his engineering skill in wresting meagre information from the enemy. Thus it caused him no surprise when one night he was awakened by a Lieutenant and ordered to report to Regimental Headquarters. Little did he know that this summons was the beginning of his life's most thrilling experience, an experience which led him deep into the shadows of the valley of death.

At Headquarters he was evidently expected, for with a nod the sentry waved him towards the Colonel's tent, and an orderly ushered him inside where he found his Colonel, together with several other officers, some of whom wore the silver eagles, seated around a table busily poring over maps which were spread before them.

"Private Doyle," said the Colonel, returning the salute of Tom, who stood stiffly at attention, "your wish is gratified, and your Captain has been notified to appoint someone else cook in your stead."

"So the Skipper remembered after all," thought Tom. However, he said nothing, for he well knew that he had not been summoned into such distinguished company merely to be told he was no longer cook. Therefore he maintained his rigid attitude of attention, and his Colonel continued:

"Private Doyle, back in Leavenworth, I remember having told you that in France if you qualified for the work assigned you then you would have opportunity of winning more honor than any other member of the regiment."

Tom merely nodded to show that he recalled the conversation in question.

"Well," said the Colonel, "your conduct and the manner in which you performed the intelligence work recently assigned you, proved that our confidence in you was justified. Therefore a more difficult task has been assigned you. We are getting closer to the Meuse river every hour. It is important for us to know if the enemy are in force on this side of the river, and if possible to discover spots suitable for the laying of pontoons or fording. To get such information requires a man of fearless heart and great prudence. Now we want you to try this. You will have three days in which to bring back the information. Use your own judgment as to how you obtain it. Retain your

uniform however, as you are not a spy in the strict sense of the word. Maps if you can make them will be valuable, but in case you are captured, try to destroy them. Do you understand what is required of you?"

"I think so, Colonel," said Tom. "My idea is that you wish me to go outside our lines and as close to the enemy as possible, even through them if necessary. You want me to get to the banks of the river at any cost and without being seen, examine the banks to see what can be done in the line of crossing with the least loss of life. I take it that you are going to drive hard to get to the river in the meantime."

"Exactly," said the Colonel. "We have reason to believe that the enemy force in front of us is only a rear guard and that the real defense is massing behind the Meuse. Do you think you can succeed?"

"I can try," replied Tom calmly. "But to tell the truth, it looks like a hundred to one bet against me. The woods will be thick with Heinies and if I get to the river, it is going to be worse getting back with the maps."

"I know it, my boy," said the Colonel earnestly. "It seems almost too great a risk, but even with one chance in a hundred, if you succeed the information will be priceless. In case you do succeed, come straight to Headquarters. Do not deliver your message to another under any circumstances. The task of getting this intelligence has been entrusted by the Divisional Commander to the Eighth Engineers, and you have been chosen to represent them. However, I don't mind telling you that one or two others will follow you later, to make sure in case you should be captured or——" The Colonel paused, as though he did not wish to mention the other alternative.

"Or killed, sir," said Tom smiling grimly. "Well, it's all part of the game. When do you wish me to start?"

"As soon as possible," returned his Colonel. "Here is a pass which will take you to the outposts—destroy it when its use is no longer necessary. Take what rations you can carry. An automatic will be the best weapon. Rather cut down on your rations, than go short of ammunition."

"Very well, sir," said Tom, saluting, "I shall be well on my way before dawn."

"Good," responded the Colonel. Then he rose and shook Tom's hand cordially. "My boy, I wish you luck!" he said. "Good night."

"Good night, sir!" said Tom saluting. The Colonel as well as the

other officers returned the salute, and Tom went forth into the darkness.

"Gosh!" mused Tom," as he hurried as best he could in the darkness towards his field-kitchen. "Some job the old man has given me! I'll be a lucky boy if I get away with it."

When he arrived at his kitchen Tom first of all swallowed a hearty lunch, and stored what food he could about his person. "Maybe it will be a long time till my next full meal!" thought he as he stored away a can of bully beef and some hard tack. Then he examined carefully by the light of a candle the automatic which had been furnished him. A liberal store of bullets he next strapped about his person. A pad and paper followed and Tom was ready to start on his errand of peril.

"Gee, there's something else I can do; if I can only get it off my mind I'll feel a whole lot better!" he said to himself as he plodded along a narrow path through the woods. "Guess I'll try my luck!" he decided inwardly. He turned from the path, pushed through the undergrowth and paused in a small clearing. Pushing aside the flap of a "pup" tent he gently shook the sleeper who reclined thereon.

"What is it?" murmured the sleeper drowsily.

"Hate to disturb you, Father," said Tom, "but it's Tom Doyle and I'd like to talk to you for a minute or two if you don't mind."

"Surely, I am at your service!" replied Father Fink, for it was he. "What can I do for you, Tom?" asked the priest now wide awake.

"Well, Father, I'm going on a job that I can't tell you anything about, and it's pretty dangerous. Would you mind hearing my confession? I know I've been there only Saturday, but I'll feel better if I go, even if I haven't got much to tell."

"Go ahead, Tom," said the priest, sitting up and throwing the blankets aside. Field tents do not admit of a more dignified position. Father Fink, as an Officer, might have had better quarters but he preferred to remain in the midst of his boys, so as to be ready and available for any call.

Tom knelt as best he could and made his confession. The priest raised his hand in absolution, and Tom felt inspired with new courage.

"Thank you, Father, ever so much!" said the grateful boy; "if I get bumped off, I'm ready now."

"God bless you, boy, I wish all the men felt like that!" said the priest.

"Father, if I don't come back, write to my old dad and tell him I

remembered my four loves—God, my country, my sweetheart, and the old folks at home. Tell him I was true to all of them, and gave my life gladly, will you?"

"Of course I will," said the priest heartily. "But, Tom, you mustn't look at it that way. Trust your guardian angel!"

"I do trust, I'll come back, but still I want to be prepared. But good night, Father, I haven't much time, and besides I am keeping you from your rest."

"Good night and good-bye, Tom! God protect you!" said Father Fink patting him on the back. The two shook hands and Tom pursued his journey.

Nothing of note happened until after he had passed the last outpost of American soldiers. As he came to this outpost, Tom presented the pass, which his Colonel has given him, to the sentry. The sentry glanced at it, saw that it was correct and handed it back. Tom promptly tore it into shreds, buckled his ammunition belt a little tighter, and prepared to move forward.

"Gee," ejaculated the sentry, "so you're going out there? A scout, eh? Well, buddy, you've got some job ahead of you. Three or four have gone over the same route in the last two days, and none came back. We found one dead in the woods yesterday."

"That's sure a cheerful send off!" grinned Tom. "But watch your Uncle Dudley."

"Well, good luck, old boy!" said the sentry, "you sure have nerve."

"Good bye, pal!" said Tom, and without more ado strode forward into the hostile territory.

Day had not yet dawned, when the scout passed the outpost, but faint grey streaks of light presaged the coming day. Once outside his own lines Tom crept on as warily as a hunter on the trail. Making as little noise as possible, he left the beaten paths, and by the guidance of a tiny illuminated compass made his way through thickets and over fallen trees towards the spot where he knew the river lay. As day dawned his danger grew greater. Ere the sun had risen he was a considerable distance from the American lines, and he knew he might at any moment encounter enemy patrols, seeking to feel out the American positions. Once such a patrol passed. Tom saw through the trees the dull grey of the German uniforms and threw himself on his face behind a fallen tree in some underbrush. His heart beat madly—he even held his breath so nervous was he, but the patrol passed on and

he was unseen. Once a rifle cracked in the distance and Tom again halted and sought cover in a thicket. Nothing more transpired and Tom moved cautiously ahead.

It was noon when he paused to eat. A little hard tack, softened in the water of a spring, a slice of bacon cooked the day before, and a deep refreshing draught from the spring comprised his midday repast.

His meal finished, Tom was tempted to rest for a moment. He debated the question inwardly and finally decided against it. "Tom, old boy," said he to himself, "you're too tired to rest. If you sit around or lie around, you might fall asleep, then the Heinies could come and get you as though you were put here for their express benefit. Nothing doing on the rest. Now, how about a smoke? You haven't had a butt since you left the American lines. Too risky. American tobacco can be smelled a long way off. Maybe you can think of a way to offset the risk." And Tom sat in as deep thought as though he were planning to attack the German army single handed.

Evidently the result of his cogitations was satisfactory, for he chuckled to himself, as he rose lazily to his feet. Then he did what on the surface would seem to be an eccentric thing, to say the least. After putting his ear to the ground and listening intently for an instant, then peering through the forest as far as his eyes could pierce, Tom clambered nimbly up the trunk of a tall tree and ensconced himself comfortably in its branches about half way to the top. There he proceeded leisurely to roll a cigarette, lighting it rapidly, and blowing out the match as soon as the tobacco was alight.

"There now, I was sure of it!" he said to himself, blowing the smoke of the first draught through his lips and watching it scatter and mount upward. "On the ground this smoke could be scented a long ways off, because the smoke might cling round the thicket for a long, long time. Here it can't be seen, and a Heinie would have to be in an aeroplane to get a whiff of it in a breeze like this."

His smoke finished to his intense satisfaction, Tom moved cheerfully forward. "Gee, I almost feel like whistling!" he mused; "things are going my way. The old man said three days were granted to get the information. Why, if things keep on this way, I'll be back tomorrow, and give the old man two days to get things in shape before the attack." Still despite his cheerfulness he relaxed none of his vigilance. Once to his surprise he came to a road or rather the junction of two roads, which showed they had been recently used. "Hello, I

had better mark this!" whispered Tom. He drew forth his pad and pencil, glanced at his compass, noted his surroundings and in a short time had a well made, accurate map of the roads and the surrounding terrain.

"Good night!" ejaculated Tom to himself, as he finished the map and put the materials carefully in his pocket. "The old man was right. The Heinies have moved everything across the river. That road shows it. Gee, I'd better hustle to that river and get back to the boys as quick as I can." Tom pushed forward and late in the afternoon was rewarded by his first glimpse of the Meuse. "Gosh," he murmured, "I passed around the German lines. Oh, what luck! Now I've got to bet busy." He passed along the bank, noted the nature of the ground, now and then even ventured to the water's edge, crawling on his stomach to do so. The sun had gone down and he felt he would be unobserved. Pencil and pad were called into frequent requisition, and Tom made notes in the darkness trusting memory to help him decipher their meaning later. He traversed over a mile in this way, peering through the waning twilight until darkness made further observation impossible. He had just decided to retrace his steps, and seek in the forest a place to hide for the night, when he was startled by a gruff, "Hands up!" from the bank above him. He looked over his shoulder and made out in the darkness several burly forms, and heard a curt command in German.

Instead of putting up his hands as he had been ordered to do, in perfectly good English, Tom threw himself on his face and crawled swiftly to the shelter of a clump of bushes at the river's edge. Before he reached cover a volley of shots rang out. Tom felt a stinging sensation in the calf of his leg, and knew he was hit. Still he pressed on. Once in the bushes, Tom drew his revolver, and fired as he heard a rush of feet, as their owners plunged down the bank in the darkness. Again and again his Colt barked. A howl of pain proved at least one shot had gone home. The rush of footsteps ceased, and again the same voice which had spoken to him in English called out: "Don't be a fool, American, surrender. You've run into a whole company. Boats are waiting for you if you try to swim—and we have you. Surrender!"

The creak of oars in rowlocks, a rustling on all sides made by creeping foes, told Tom that the speaker spoke the truth. He knew he was caught, and resistance would be foolhardy. He wrapped a

stone about his writing pad and dropped it gently into the deep water of the river, where it quickly sank.

"Will you surrender?" called the voice once more.

"Yes," answered Tom; "what do you wish me to do?"

"Put your hands above your head, and step out of those bushes!" came the command. Tom obeyed and stepped forward. The flare of a flashlight in his face, showed him an officer in a German uniform at the edge of the bank. As he stepped out of the bushes, two forms in gray sprang upon him, seized his pistol and slapped his clothes sharply to see if any weapons were concealed. Then his cartridge belt was carefully removed, and he was led captive to the officer.

"What are you doing here, American? A spy, eh?" demanded the Captain.

"Naw, spies don't wear U. S. uniforms!" retorted Tom. "I just came out of camp to take a swim. What are you doing here?"

The officer laughed. "You are a real American!" he said. "No one gets much out of you people. However, wait till we cross the river. The Colonel will no doubt succeed better than I. You are my prisoner." Then he gave a curt command in German, Tom was thrust between two men with loaded rifles and the party moved forward.

Tom still kept his hands above his head, but his keen eyes were alert for a chance to escape, though he found himself in the midst of a company of the enemy. The Captain, for such was the German officer in command, noted this and stepped to Tom's side.

"Put your hands down, American," said he. "Do not think of escape!"

Tom obeyed. The party pushed forward for a time and then made their way to the water's edge. Boats were waiting and with a rifle uncomfortably close to his chest, Tom was forced to sit with his face to the others in the bow of the boat. His leg was paining him, blood trickled down and soaked his leggings, but still he felt the wound was slight. As they rowed across, the Captain spoke again.

"You Americans are going to receive an awful thrashing!" said he. "The attack which you were planning for two or three days hence is scheduled for tonight, and your men are going to try to force the river tomorrow. It can't be done."

"Wait and see!" was Tom's laconic answer. The boat grated against the bank, the men leaped out and two of them concealed it carefully in the bushes. Tom glanced with eager eyes towards its

hiding place. In his mind he knew how he would escape should opportunity offer. He believed the German had good foundation for asserting that the Americans would attack that night, and he was longing to be able to get back to Headquarters with the information already in his possession. In the midst of his captors Tom was led along the river bank. He noted that the Germans were strongly entrenched and that machine guns and rifle pits fairly covered the bank. Then his quick eye marked that the heavier guns which were belching forth a torrent of steel into the land beyond the river were some distance back from the water. Once he was led across a shaky footbridge, and discovered that in the bed of the canal which the bridge spanned, heavy guns were carefully concealed. Finally the group stopped before a dugout, the Captain entered and remained a long time. Then Tom was led inside and found himself in the presence of a group of German officers, whose chief seemed to be a Colonel. "Be careful to salute him and answer all his questions truthfully!" whispered the Captain who had captured Tom, in a friendly voice as he led the lad into the tent. "The Colonel is terrible when angry."

"Camouflage!" thought Tom. "He wants to scare me." He stood unabashed before the officers, glancing coolly from face to face.

"Your name, swine!" barked the Colonel, in broken English.

"Hello!" thought Tom, "this is Intelligence Headquarters. All Germans do not speak English." Then he answered the question. "Tom Doyle is my name!"

"To what command do you belong?" was the next question.

"N Company, Potsdam Guards, Seventy-eighth Reserve Division," answered Tom promptly. He had noted that this was the insignia of the men about him.

The Colonel foamed with rage, half real, half assumed. Seizing a revolver which lay in front of him on the table, he raised it and fired. Tom never stirred, though a bullet whistled close by his ear.

"Swine!" said the Colonel, "answer thus again and you die!"

"Aw, forget it!" said Tom, "the Germans don't shoot prisoners. You're just wasting your time trying to bluff me."

Evidently the Colonel was of the same mind. He barked a command, Tom was led forth and the officers turned again to the papers before them.

"You are to be put to work in the trenches," said the Captain as Tom was led away.

"That's against the laws of war!" said Tom angrily. The Captain merely shrugged his shoulders. "Everybody does it," he replied.

"Say," said Tom, "could you get me a bandage somewhere. One of your bullets cut my leg back in the bushes."

"Why, of course!" said the German, "why didn't you say so? Here, come this way—there is a dressing station."

"No need of that; it's only a flesh wound! Get me a bandage and I'll fix it up myself."

The Captain agreed and led Tom to a dugout some distance back from the trenches and removed from the other soldiers. He stationed a soldier on guard outside, and waited whilst another whom he had sent for a first aid kit returned. Then he examined Tom's wound. As Tom had said it proved to be but a scratch.

"Well," said the Captain, "you can tend to it yourself. This is your jail, American. You will be put to work in the morning. Now I must be off. Did you notice anything new since you arrived?"

"Sure!" said Tom, "our boys are pushing forward. I can tell by the firing the advance is close to the river. Well, so long, Heinie, I hope they give you blazes."

"No fear of that!" said the Captain turning to go. "By the way, do not try to escape, the sentry has orders to shoot, you know."

"All right!" said Tom.

The Captain departed and Tom washed the blood from his wounded leg. Then he carefully dried it. But instead of proceeding at once to put the bandage in place, Tom crept stealthily to the door of his dugout and looked out. The sentry was some distance away, but watching the door carefully. He evidently knew the door gave the only egress. Tom returned and took up the bandage. Almost half an hour he spent in bandaging what was only a scratch, for the bullet had simply torn its way through the clothing, gashed the skin and glanced off. So it was unlike Tom Doyle to spend so much time on such a trifle.

The wound bandaged, Tom looked out once more. The sentry was still in the same position. Tom walked around the dugout, and examined it carefully. Finally he gave a sigh of satisfaction. Then he blew out the candle and when the sentry looked in at the door a few minutes later his prisoner was snoring loudly. The sentry, well pleased, walked off a short distance and sat down. Inside his prisoner crept to the door, looked out and then crept to the rear of the dugout. In feverish haste he worked for a moment. Then came a wrench, a

tug, something yielded slightly. There was the sound of a rivet snapping, a plate of corrugated iron which formed the walls of the dugout moved aside. Through the narrow aperture crept a silent, wary man, and on hands and knees Tom Doyle began his flight for freedom.

* * *

It was near the hour of dawn. The American troops whose commanders had been warned of the swift march of the last German reserves to stem the tide of Allied victory, which bade fair to cross the Meuse, had rushed their men forward to the banks of that far famed river. Again and again had the Engineers attempted to throw their pontoons across the stream. But the German fire from the big guns in the rear, and machine guns on the banks which rose bluff-like from the water's edge had forced them back and blown their pontoons to bits. Now entrenched behind shallow mounds of earth which each man had dug for his own protection, the Eighth Engineers lay hugging the earth, while all too often shells and bullets rang the death knell for some crouching comrade.

Suddenly the splash of oars was heard. A star shell shot up from the German lines and friend and foe alike beheld a solitary figure in khaki paddling manfully for the American lines. A volley of machine gun fire was turned on boat and oarsman, and in the flare of another shell, the Engineers saw the right arm of the rower fall helpless to his side. On he paddled with the uninjured arm. The boat grated against the shore. Another star shell lit up the scene with its sickly glare. The occupant staggered from the boat and fell helpless on the shore. The boat drifted into the stream, filled suddenly and sank. A shell had found its mark.

Out from the American line leaped the figure of an officer. Disdaining even to stoop before the storm of lead and steel from the opposite shore, he ran to the prostrate man. In a moment, Father Fink, for he was the officer, staggered into the lines of crouching men, bearing the unconscious form of Tom Doyle.

Tom revived as willing hands stretched out to relieve the chaplain of his helpless burden.

"God bless you, Father! You saved my life!" murmured Tom. "Now let them take me to the Colonel at once."

"Nonsense!" interposed his Captain. "The man is raving; take him to the hospital, men. He is badly hurt."

"No, Captain!" insisted Tom, "I must go to the Colonel."

"Let him go, Captain!" said Father Fink, the memory of the scene in his tent the night before flashing into his mind. "He has reasons for his request."

Thus it was that the Colonel of the Eighth, seated on a camp chair in the forest, poring over maps and issuing orders to the men on the bank, as the telephone at his side brought again and again the command to bridge the river, was startled to have an unconscious form on a stretcher set down beside him. A surgeon bent over the prostrate man. A strong injection sent its reviving force through his veins and Tom Doyle opened his eyes and smiled at his Colonel. A whispered word from Tom and the stretcher bearers were dismissed. Between groans Tom spoke earnestly to his Colonel, who sat with the lad's hand clasped in his own. Finally Tom smiled and said:

"Now take the bandage off my leg, Colonel."

The Colonel dropped the lad's hand in surprise at so strange a request and beckoned to the surgeon.

"No, no, Colonel, do it yourself. I have a reason for asking," gasped Tom and sank again into unconsciousness.

Wondering, the Colonel obeyed the strange request of his subordinate. He cut carefully away the leggin and underclothing and unravelled the bandage which seemed unstained. A moment he gazed on the wounded lad before him while tears ran down his rugged cheek. Then he bade the stretcher bearers carry Tom to the hospital as quickly as possible.

And while the sorely wounded Tom was borne tenderly to the rear, runners from the Colonel were dashing hither and thither. Divisional Headquarters sent out exultant orders as though victory were already won, and crouched in grim tense earnestness, the men on the river bank stood waiting the final word that would send them against the foe once more—this time to certain victory.

For the Colonel of the Eighth sat at General Headquarters with a group not of Colonels or Majors but of Generals around him. Before them lay the bandage from the leg of Tom Doyle. In rough, but accurate characters, sketched in the blood of the wounded Engineer, lay a perfect map of the banks of the Meuse and the German positions beyond.

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

(To be concluded.)

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NOT IMPORTANT

Some years ago Holland had a minister of state by name of Moddermann. He was a Protestant, but not a bigot; in fact, he esteemed the Catholic Church highly. One day—while he was staying at The Hague, a young man came to him and asked for employment in the government.

Moddermann studied the young man awhile and finally asked:

"To what religion do you belong?"

"By rights," said the young man, "I am a Catholic; but then," he added, thinking it might damage his chance, "there's not much to it. I don't put much stock in it."

"There's not much to it," repeated Moddermann, rising indignantly. "Young man, you don't realize what a benefit it is to be born and raised in the Catholic Church! You can't have any place in the government; for one who cares so little about the service of God will not serve the state faithfully, either."

NOBILITY IN A BOOTBLACK

The Rev. Mr. Talmadge used to tell a very touching story of a reporter who stopped to have his shoes brushed by a frail-looking little bootblack, a big boy coming up and appearing to take the job away from him. The reporter thought the big boy a bully, told him so in the most emphatic terms, and ordered him to go his way.

"Oh, that's all right, sir!" he replied goodnaturedly. "You see, poor little Jim has been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and we kids give him a lift whenever we can."

"That's right. How much percentage do you give?" asked the reporter.

"Not a cent," answered the boy with emphasis, and brushing a little harder. "I'd like to see any feller sneak on a sick boy—I would!"

"Here," said the reporter; "take this quarter and divide up with Jim."

"Can't do it, sir. You're his customer. Here, Jim! You're in luck."—*Ave Maria.*

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

A Brooklyn young woman, in the chorus of a musical comedy company in a nearby city, almost took the breath of the local theatre manager one Saturday night after the performance with this question:

"Would you be good enough to tell me where is the nearest Catholic church and how to reach it?"

"Good Lord," said the surprised theatre man, "you're not so religious as all that, are you?"

"Well, I don't know about being religious, but I'm a Catholic and I never missed Mass in my life nor a First Friday, either, and I don't propose to begin now."

"Well, you certainly are a good little girl," came back the manager, "and we'll go to 8 o'clock Mass together tomorrow, for I'm a Catholic too, but not as good a one as you are."—*Brooklyn Tablet*.

THE LAST-MINUTE CATHOLIC

The man who waits until the last minute to make his peace with God, usually waits too long. When the last minute comes, his enfeebled mind and will are generally too far gone to conceive or carry out a thought of contrition. "As a man lives, so does he die." Nevertheless there are exceptions. God in His mercy does occasionally grant to a dying sinner to repent. A recent case is reported from France which has a pathetic side. M. Abadie, the mayor of Theil, on his deathbed bethought him of his scandalous, unCatholic life, and in the presence of witnesses made the following retraction to the pastor:

"Monsieur le Cure, I know my situation from the religious point of view. Divorced, and re-married civilly, I have lived in flagrant opposition to the holy laws of the Church. But, all the while, despite my error, I remained a Christian in belief. I am not an atheist; I wish to die as a Christian, a penitent Christian. And if, despite my promise to repair the past in any measure possible, it is not considered proper to bring my body into the church after my death, I pray my brother here present to put a cross on my coffin, and have me pass at least before the door of my church."

In view of this attempt to repair the past, the wish of this particular last-minute Catholic was more than fulfilled. He was buried with the rites of the Catholic Church which he had so long scandalized, but back to which, as to a mother, God's grace had led him before he died.

WHAT PRIESTS ARE GOOD FOR

In Bordeaux, a merchant who was a free-thinker, had just entered the compartment of a railway car, and was making himself comfortable when a factory laborer came in. They were the only travelers in that part of the coach. The train was speeking through a lonely prairie district what at a small station they caught sight of a priest who seemed to be waiting for another train. The merchant, wishing to ridicule the priest, laughed scornfully as he turned to remark: "What is such a fellow good for?" And then he commenced a general abuse of religion, Church and priests, and added that it would really be well to drive such people out of the country. His companion listened quietly while the train rushed onward. Suddenly the laborer in his working jacket, a man of gigantic size, rose, and placing himself in a threatening attitude before his companion, said: "We are now traveling through a lonely region, and the stations are far apart. Supposing that I should want your money and would murder you, I could do so without hindrance. I would throw your body through that window, and no one would be the wiser." "But, my friend," said the merchant in a deadly fright, "I have no money with me and you'll gain nothing by my death." "What," replied the laborer, "you have no money? Did I not stand by your side at the window of the bank when the clerk counted out 30,000 francs which you now carry in your pocket?" The merchant now trembled like an aspen leaf, but the laborer said calmly: "You need have no fear about either your money or your life. When I went to school I was instructed by a priest, and he taught me to fear God and to walk in the path of virtue. Now perhaps you know what these 'fellows', as you, miserable wretch, call the priests, are good for."

HOMER MCKEE'S PRAYER

We do not know who Homer McKee is. The first half of the name sounds Greek and the other half Irish, maybe, Scotch. Greek, Scotch or Irish, Homer McKee has a prayer in the bulletin of the Kansas State Board of Health, that suggests something worth while praying for.

This is Homer McKee's prayer:

"Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar.

"Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

"Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

"Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me my own.

"Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

"Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play.

"And then when comes the smell of flowers and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of the hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make . . . the epitaph simply: 'Here lies a man'."

TOLD BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER

Rev. Albert Parker Fitch is a Protestant Minister, a professor at Amherst College and formerly President of Andover Theological Seminary. Some time ago he addressed the students of Harvard University, on his return from France, where he went as field inspector for the War Council of the Red Cross. His remarks were so very complimentary to the work that the Catholic Clergy and religious did for humanity in France that they deserve to be quoted. Describing the care of the wounded he said:

"The man of whom least is said in this country, but one of the most gallant men today in Europe, is the stretcher-bearer. He is usually a man about middle age. He cannot fight, either because of some physical defect, or because he is over age. In many cases these men are Roman Catholic priests, and they have done a truly magnificent service. They show themselves absolutely fearless and devoted.

"They go out to No Man's Land, often under the fire from both sides, and down into the front of the trenches, and there amid the rain of shrapnel and machine-gun bullets, they take the wounded up and carry them back. The rate of mortality among them is higher than among any other part of the French army; in fact, France is full of stories of the gallantry of these men and of the priests. I like to tell these stories because I am a Protestant minister."

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EVERY MAN

One thing that the catalogue of the Church's Saints shows is that every man can be a saint.

Among the inhabitants of heaven we find every kind of character—every kind of nationality—every kind of occupation—every kind of environment—every kind of education—every kind of disposition and temperament, so that everything human is the rough material of sanctity. It is a matter of using it—a matter of personal effort—of course, with the cooperation of the grace of God. Saints have made use of temper, of love, of learning, of poverty, of ill health, of strength, of publicity, of solitude, of ambition, of phlegm, of joy, of pain, of plenty and hunger. Some wood is used to build—others to adorn—others to burn. But the heat of the fire generates powerful energy.

It was the use they made of these things that gave them the crown of sanctity. It is the use that others make of them that stamps their souls as criminals.

Look up your repertory of God-given faculties and powers and opportunities. What use are you making of them?

Look up to heaven—they did it; they, just as human as I. Why can't I?

A young man asked himself that question one day and his answer was: I will. Today he is St. Augustine.

KAISERISM

During the past few years we got the habit of using a new name for the autocratic passion of imposing one's will upon everybody else irrespective of what everybody else's rights and convictions might be. The new name of the old disease is "Kaiserism". How much of Kaiserism there is in every one of us, if we would but admit it! What efforts are we making to combat in ourselves this ugly vice? The saints were prudent people—in fact, before they could be acknowledged as saints they had to possess prudence in a heroic degree. The saints have a beautiful motto: "In necessariis, unitas; in dubiis, libertas; in omnibus, charitas—In necessary things, unity; in doubtful things,

liberty; in all things, charity". There is no surer way to down Kaiserism in ourselves than to follow this motto of the saints. Outside of the eternal principles of right and wrong and the revealed truths of religion, how very few things are "necessary" for all men to believe! And even in those "necessary things" the saints sought "unity" through "charity", not by abuse nor overbearing tyranny. In all other things they graciously conceded "liberty". How far are we from the conduct of the saints when we estrange our friends and insult our associates because they dare to think differently from us on the plank of a political platform or the date of the last thunderstorm!

THE WITNESS OF AGES

"There can be no doubt that at the close of the third Christian century Roman and Catholic were so closely allied that they were practically identical.

"There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church of our day is the heir of unbroken descent to the Roman Catholic Church of the second century, and that it is as justified in using the name 'Catholis' as the name 'Roman'."—*Rev. Dr. Briggs* (Prot.).

THE DEVIL AND SEWER GAS

The *Washington Star* is enthusiastic about the new movement of the seventy-six evangelical religions in the United States. They are going to raise a few hundred millions and make over the world. The Methodists have already pledged one hundred and sixty-two millions as their share for a starter. "As for the plan," says the *Star*, "it is simplicity, common sense, and big business itself." "The churches," continues the *Star*, "are going to quit fighting each other and go to fighting the devil and dirt and ignorance and sewer gas and superstition and infant mortality instead."

We were only wondering a little how seventy-six religions with seventy-six—or more likely seven hundred and seventy-six—different opinions as to what is "sin" and "superstition" and who the "devil" is and whether he exists, are going to carry on a winning fight against these things. How can they teach heathens, at home or abroad, unless they first agree on what to teach about the things they teach? Then we thought that perhaps they will cut the Gordian knot by leaving sin and superstition and the devil out of the reckoning entirely and give

their undivided attention to "dirt" and "sewer gas" and "infant mortality". This would make them "big business" pure and simple, and they would have no difficulty to find ready hands to take over the disbursement of the Methodists' one hundred and sixty-two million—plus the rest. This guess seems to be about right, for the *Star* says: "In the new program nothing is being said of creed or immersion or infant damnation or the other bars that kept Christians apart". Like any other "big business"—believe what you please! Only we wonder—if "nothing is being said" of the Creed Christ taught, can they be called Christians? Or, if they don't hold the doctrines which Christ commissioned the Evangelists to teach, whence the name "Evangelical"?

TRY THE WORKHOUSE

While a husband and father is able to work, and there is work to be had, there is no earthly reason why either public or private charity take over the support of his wife and children. That is his duty—let him do it. If he is not doing it, he should be forced. We have the workhouse for such men. If he has deserted his family, let those, who are paid to enforce the law, look him up and deal with him according to the law. A term in the workhouse would convince such a man that the wiser and more pleasant course is to stay at home and provide for those who are dependent upon him. Charity is a virtue, but not when it encourages desertion and vagrancy. There are plenty of other poor homes where your bounty can be profitably expended.

SUFFICIENT GRACE

God gives all men sufficient grace to be saved. Man can however, by the abuse of his free will, reject these graces. This is a revealed truth which you have often heard. A patent example will bring it home to you more forcibly.

The majority of people were so much engrossed in the enjoyment of pleasures and in feverishly striving after perishable riches that they forgot to lay up treasures in heaven—forgot God and death and eternity. Then God permitted the great war. Immense amounts of earthly wealth—amounts so immense that no human intelligence can grasp their significance—were wantonly destroyed. Millions of men were brought face to face with death. Fear and anxiety, sorrow and

destruction visited millions of homes. All this was surely a grace from God calling on forgetful men not to lose sight of their destiny—not to barter away eternal heaven for a passing gratification. How have they treated this grace? In every country the war has been followed by an orgy of pleasure-mad, mammon-mad frenzy, so excessive and so deadly that even political leaders, who care nothing for the souls of the people, are begging them to call a halt before civil governments and organized society be demoralized and perhaps overthrown. Truly, it is possible for man to reject the grace of God.

THE BOY IN THE MOB

"In reports of the recent riots in Boston and similarly from other points in the country where there have been disturbances, the statement is made that the offending rioters are mostly boys. It is difficult often for the authorities to deal with street uprisings just for this reason. In the forefront of every mob are boys so young that hesitation is felt in applying the stern measures of suppression which could be dealt out without mercy, were the mob composed of the older men who started the trouble." So writes the editor of the Brockton (Mass.) *Times*.

Here is a phase of the mob question far more serious than any other—though, God knows, the other phases are serious enough for any country that values the blessing and the reputation of civilization. When anything exciting is going on, even though it be lawless and criminal, the boy will be in it unless we throw around him every restraint in our power. But we are not throwing every restraint possible around him—we are neglecting the chief and noblest restraint, so long as we exclude all positive religious teaching from the school. If American boys are in the majority in the mobs that defy all law, that glory in looting and arson and murder, what will future American men do? Our boys of today will be our legislators and public leaders a decade hence. If now they have regard for neither the life nor property of their neighbor, what respect will they then have for our liberties and our most sacred rights? By divorcing religion from child training we are sowing the wind; we shall reap the whirlwind.

If a thousand plans fail, be not disheartened. As long as your purposes are right, *you* have not failed.

—Davidson.

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The Leaders of the Catholic Party, forwarded to the Minister of the Interior of the Italian cabinet an energetic protest in which they demanded that the Pope shall be protected against the gross insults at times offered him in the papers and in parliament. The Minister of the Interior replied that their wishes would be complied with.

* * *

The Knights of Columbus conferred the degree of Knighthood on Cardinal Mercier at a dinner held in his honor at the Hotel Commodore in New York. Supreme Knight, James A. Flaherty, conferred the degree.

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On their first Sunday in the United States, King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium attended a Solemn High Mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston. Cardinal O'Connell, and Cardinal Mercier were present in the sanctuary. The Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. George J. Patterson.

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On October the sixteenth the Society of St. Vincent de Paul of the United States opened its annual National Convention in Detroit. The meetings were open to all men and women interested in charity work.

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Despite the assurances which according to some papers were given to Mgr. Cerretti, the Papal Representative sent to the Paris Peace Conference to arrange matters in regard to German Foreign Missions, it seems that all German Missionaries must leave their posts. This will do untold harm to religion, to the Foreign Missions, and a serious injustice to the missionaries.

* * *

In an appeal for his stricken diocese of Corpus Christie, Texas, Bishop Nussbaum writes: "Not a single piece of church property, in the stricken area escaped damage or complete destruction; in Port Aransas and Rockport, the very foundations have been washed away. Some priests barely escaped with their lives, losing all but the clothes they had on."

* * *

Two Anti-Catholic bills were passed by the Alabama Legislature. The one abolishes Columbus Day as a State holiday; the other provides for State inspection of convents, asylums, and hospitals. An amendment proposed to eliminate the word "convents" was rejected. Bigotry is not dead yet.

The *Neue Tiroler Stimme* says that "the Pope has communicated to the Czeco-Slovak government the fact that he has nominated Dr. Franz Kordoc to be Archbishop of Prague. The newly appointed Archbishop has departed for Rome, where he will receive from the Pope instructions regarding the arduous task he is about to take up.

* * *

Dr. Thomas Walsh, representing the National Catholic War Council, arrived in Copenhagen on his way to Lithuania to make an investigation preparatory to carrying on Relief Work. Fifteen nurses will leave America on November the first to do hospital and educational work.

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The Conference of Archbishops and Bishops at the National Catholic University was a great success. A "pastoral" letter will be issued simultaneously in all dioceses of the country in the name of the entire hierarchy on the subjects discussed at the Conference.

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The late President of United Mine Workers of America, John Mitchell, gives the following account of his conversion to the Catholic Church: "When I had to deal seriously with the problems of life as President of the Miners, I soon found that there were two sets of problems. To one set I could, by application, find a more or less satisfactory solution; there was another set, however, for which I could discover no key; there were the problems of the soul. And as I despaired of finding any way by my own efforts, I looked to others for a definite and final answer; but no man and no organization apart from the Catholic Church answered my questions with the surety that I needed, and therefore I concluded that in the matter of certainty the Catholic Church had no competitor and no rival, and there was nothing else for me to do than to accept the only sure answer to questions which otherwise could not have been answered at all."

* * *

M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, once rabidly anticlerical, now says that his views have changed:

"Politically my conceptions have modified. Not that I have abandoned my democratic ideal, but my view of the mode of its application and realization has greatly changed. Formerly I had great distrust for the clergy. I reproached it with concealing the liberty of our thought and persecuting our freedom, and, in the early days of the war, when I traveled to the trenches, I used to ask the soldiers, pointing out the chaplain, 'Does he not annoy you?'

"The soldiers invariably replied:

"Annoy us? Quite the contrary; he is brave, charming, devoted, cheerful. We love him much."

"Many times regiments asked me to decorate their chaplains because of magnificent acts of bravery and devotion. These priests I decorated and congratulated with all my heart."

Recently some three hundred citizens of the new Czecho-Slovak Republic met in Prague and proceeded to the national administration headquarters to protest against the unwarranted seizure of convents, monasteries and church funds. True, the President of the New Republic, Masaryk, assured them that the government would do all in its power to respect the wishes of Catholics. But his words are not very reassuring because it is well known that he bitterly hates the Church.

This is unfortunate because Americans, Catholics as well as others, are now called upon to help the new Republic.

* * *

The Maryknoll Foreign Missions Society has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Rev. Thos. F. Price, Superior of the newly founded Mission in China. It was just one year ago that he set out with the first group of missionaries from this country. He was 58 years old. R. I. P.

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After five long years of exile, spent in the United States, the Most Reverend Leopoldo Ruiz, D. D., Archbishop of Michoacan, re-entered the capital of his archdiocese, Morelia, was restored to his See and reinstalled in his archiepiscopal office, on Sept. 8 last. According to Rev. Eugene Sugranes, C. M. F., in the New Orleans 'Morning Star', Oct. 4, the safe return of Archbishop Ruiz to his country, city, and archdiocese was a glorious triumph. The whole city en masse came out to greet their beloved shepherd. Over ten thousand people met His Grace at the depot.

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The Official Year Book and Seminary Report for the Diocese of Toledo for the year ending Oct. 1, 1918, contains complete statistics of the diocese over which Bishop Schrembs presides. There are 116,745 Catholics in the Toledo Diocese looked after by 175 secular and religious priests. There are 17,439 children in the parochial schools in charge of 415 religious and lay teachers. The diocese had 312 converts during the year. The historical review by Bishop Schrembs shows continued growth along religious, educational and charitable lines.

Toledo has a Catholic Women's Community Center carrying on the reconstruction program of the Catholic War Council and an Americanization of Citizenship Center in St. Stephen's Hungarian parish.

Seven new parochial schools were opened during the year.

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Paul Hahatee Persad was a Hindu priest laboring among the East Indians of Trinidad. He received his education in an Indian College at Delhi. After carefully studying the doctrines of the Catholic Church for more than two years, he was baptized at St. Paul's Church. The conversion is remarkable inasmuch as East Indian Priests rarely embrace any western faith.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Am I obliged to assist at 3 Masses on All Souls Day?

You are not obliged to assist at any Mass; it is not a holiday of obligation.

But, being a day of special devotion, do not fail to assist, if possible, at Mass for your departed relatives. The very fact that Pius X. allowed priests to say 3 Masses on this day for the souls in Purgatory, shows what the faithful should think of it.

What does Scripture mean when it says in the Sixth Chapter of St. John: "He that eats my flesh shall have life"?

1) It refers to Holy Communion in which we receive the Flesh and Blood of Christ under the appearances of Bread, as the food of our souls.

2) It refers to a worthy eating. For there is a way of eating of which St. Paul says: "for he who eats and drinks unworthily, eats and drinks judgment unto himself. Wherefore let a man prove himself."

3) It refers to a regularly repeated eating and drinking. This is the force of the present tense of the verb used. Just as one would say: if anyone eats healthy food he shall have strength, it would be foolish to suppose that a single or rarely repeated eating would suffice.

4) It refers to the life of grace or divine strength in the present life given with such fulness as to be a pledge of the eternal life in heaven in the union with and vision of God forever.

What is meant by the inspirations of the Holy Ghost?

Everyone feels in himself at times impulses to do a good action, to promptly and resolutely conquer some temptation. The source of these good impulses is so subtle that we hardly know whence they come. We only know, that like a breeze suddenly stirring up the leaves, they blow upon our souls and seem to move us spontaneously to good. They are the work of God's grace and being meant for our sanctification and as impulses of love of God, are attributed to the Holy Spirit. Because they come like a flash of lightning and like a strong wind they are called inspirations.

Is there any particular reason for the fact, that, while Catholic churches are named in honor of Our Lord, the Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints, and Angels, — none, at least to my knowledge, are named in honor of the first Person of the Blessed Trinity?

As far as I know, there is no particular reason for this, except custom. But some reasons may be suggested for this phenomenon of custom.

1) A church (like an altar) may be raised only to God—and since each of the divine Persons is God it might be raised to any divine Person. The reason of this is because a church with an altar is really an objective act of divine worship, and to exclude any divine Person from our worship would be wrong.

2) But a church raised to the worship of God, may also be meant for the honor of some being, in whom God's working in this world is manifested in a way that glorifies God. Now, this takes place in the mysteries of the Humanity of God the Son; it takes place in the apparitions and sanctifying work of the Holy Ghost. It is only through these two that God the Father works in the world. Hence, the Father is honored in the honor of the manifest works of the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Again we might consider that "church" comes from the Greek: *kyriake oiké* = House of the Lord. Now Christ himself says in John xvii, 10: "Whatsoever is mine is thine and whatsoever is thine is mine"; and again he frequently indicates that that was one purpose of his coming to earth—to glorify the Father. From this it would follow, that every "House of the Lord" would necessarily be for the glory of the Father.

Lastly, we might recall that "my Father's house" was an ordinary name for heaven upon the lips of our Lord. Now churches are, so to say, vestibules, stairs to heaven,—the stairs provided by our Lord. Hence, we leave the Father's name to our last place of eternal, blissful worship,—heaven.

	Some Good Books	
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The Principles of Christian Apologetics. For Senior Students. By Rev. T. J. Walshe. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.25.

Though a book written for "Students" it is useful for every class of reader. Today more than ever, perhaps, holy religion is attacked on all sides, because today more than ever there is a growing tendency to know and a readiness to accept truth. It should, therefore, appeal to intelligent Catholics as a duty to fit themselves properly to be able to inform inquirers.

Father Walshe has put the means in every Catholic's hand. He shows a remarkable knowledge of the physical sciences and aptly and happily introduces them into his arguments. In a comparative study of various religious systems he gives us quite an exhaustive historical treatise—interesting and illuminative. In fact all the apologetic material is touched on and handled in a manner every ordinarily instructed Catholic can master for his own enlightenment and for the better understanding of his neighbor.

A Catholic Social Platform. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 44 Barclay Street, New York. Price, \$2.50 per hundred.

A little pamphlet of sixteen pages, but one that deserves an extended notice. Even educated Catholics are too often ignorant of the Church's position on Social Problems. When confronted with the question: "What is the Catholic Church doing to improve the condition of the toiling classes?" they are completely at sea. Here is their chance to "prime" themselves with solid information at the smallest possible outlay of time and money. In sixty short sections Father Husslein has built up a platform based upon the official pronouncements of the Holy See and of the Catholic Prelates of various countries. We heartily recommend this pamphlet for the book rack and for any organization of Catholic men anxious to take part in the good work. The latter will find the pamphlet particularly valuable from the fact that almost every section is concluded with references to works offering matter for further study.

Crucible Island. By Conde B. Palen. The Manhattanville Press, 23 East 41st Street, New York.

A great European statesman of the last century once remarked: "Would I were able to grant the socialists a section of the earth to work out their theories practically. I would have a cordon of soldiers surround them to protect them from external interference and at the same time prevent them from fleeing the consequences of their experiment."

"*Crucible Island*" describes such an experiment, bound up with adventure and romance. Carl Runder, a German and hero of the story, is a radical sentenced by his father to exile for life on an island in mid-Atlantic. There he finds himself in a socialistic state, and falls in with several interesting characters, among others Denis McCarthy, an Irishman, and Clausen, a moderate socialist. The latter has a daughter—Mina—with whom Carl falls in love. The trials to which that love is subjected make up the romance of the story.

The plot is well conceived and worked out. The final escape of the three men and the girl is full of thrills. Socialism fails to stand the test of the crucible; human love, the love of liberty and justice, desire for variety and self-development balk at the enslavement of the individual and the ruin of the family which Socialism necessarily entails.

The Most Beloved Woman. By Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.00 postpaid.

A magazine according to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus, whose devotion to the Blessed Mother of God needs no proof, cannot but recommend a book like the above. Father Garesche has gathered a number of papers which appeared in the Queen's Work and the Ave Maria, and has offered them as a choice tribute to Our Lady. Those who read them will be enkindled with a deeper devotion to her, and will feel urged, to use the words of St. Alphonsus, "to do all in their power to make others love her also."

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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The small boy had quarreled violently with his little neighbor across the street. His aunt told him that he must go to his little friend's house, kiss him and say that he was sorry.

The youthful belligerent demurred. "You go kiss him, auntie," he said; "I might bite him."

"F'r cat's sake!" ejaculated Claudine, of the rapid fire restaurant. "What's the matter with that guy up in front?"

"Aw, he's got the hiccoughs, and is eating spaghetti and trying to tell the fella next to him that his name is Willoughby, and that he is from Walla Walla, Wash.," replied Heloise, of the same establishment.

Aspirants for the mayoralty who are talking so much and making so many promises remind us of the candidate in a Western town who after tiring his audience, wound up as follows:

"I want housing reform. I want land reform. I want educational reform. I want—"

"Yes," shouted a bored voice from the audience, "you want chloroform."

A school-teacher, one day during the hour for drawing, suggested to her pupils that each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up. At the end of the lesson one little girl showed an empty slate. "Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?" "Yes," said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

Pat, having blistered his fingers trying to get his new boots on, exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all until after I wear them a day or two."

The little boy was evidently a firm believer in the old adage, "Of two evils, choose the least." Turning a corner at full speed, he collided with the minister.

"Where are you running to, my little man?" asked the minister, when he had regained his breath.

"Home!" panted the boy. "Ma's going to spank me."

"What!" gasped the astonished minister. "Are you eager to have your mother spank you that you run home so fast?"

"No," shouted the boy over his shoulder as he resumed his homeward flight, "but if I don't get there before pa, he'll do it!"

Enthusiastic Aviator (after long explanations of principles and workings of his biplane)—Now you understand it, don't you?

Young Lady—All but one thing.

Aviator—And that is—

Young Lady—What makes it stay up?

Lady—I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face!

Doctor—You'll have to diet.

Lady—I never thought of that. What color would suit me best, do you think?

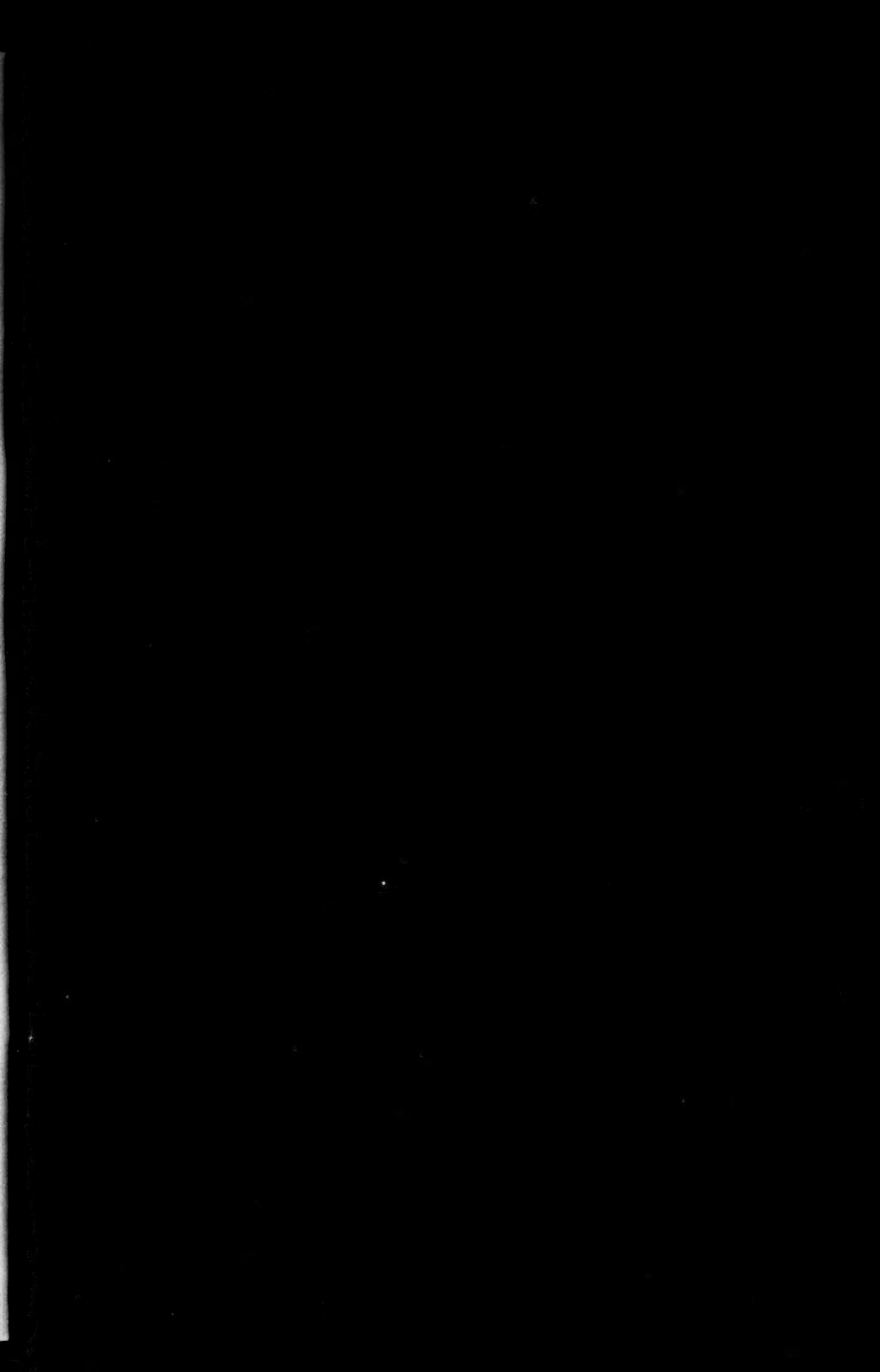
"Ere, chummy," said a little Cockney fellow to a big Sammy who was taking a breeze on the embankment, "is your Miss'ppi River much bigger than this 'ere Thames?"

"Why, bigger? Gee, kid!" was the reply, "yewr whole River Thames wouldn't make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi!"

The sportsmen went out for a day's shooting. Not being a particularly good shot, the bag was nil, and, as he did not like to return empty-handed, he bought a rabbit in the town on the way home. He presented it to his wife, who, after expressing her thanks, thoughtfully remarked: "It was a good thing you shot that rabbit when you did, John; it wouldn't have kept another day."

A school boy wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on the different kinds of cats had this interesting information:

"Cats that's made for little boys to maul and tease is called Maltease cats. Some cats is known by their queer purrs and these is called Pursian cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorie cats. Cats with deep feelin's is called Feline cats."



Redemptorist Burses

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our Professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)	\$3,495.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.)	673.33
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Alphonsus Parish, Grand Rapids, Mich.)	4,307.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	100.00
Burse of St. Gerard Majella (St. Michael's Parish, Chicago, Ill.)	4,677.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Cal.)	750.00

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Burse of St. Joseph	516.01
Burse of St. Francis of Assisi	1,000.00
Burse of the Little Flower	506.00